

Broggin (m.)
K

THE

PETTYCOAT

A

POEM.

In Four CANTO'S.

Written by — —, late of *Westminster School*,
a King's Scholar; and now published by a Lady:

Si proprius stes te capiet Magis.
Horace.

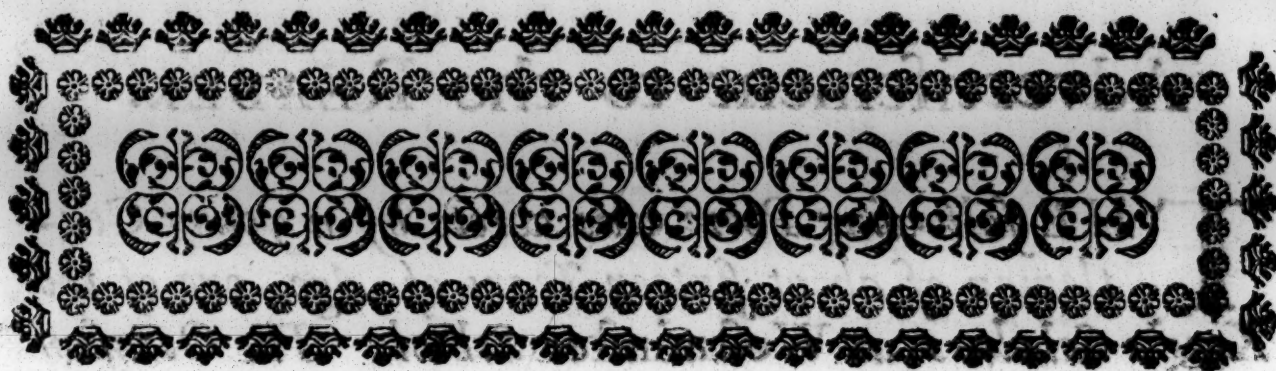
DUBLIN:
Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER:
M,DCC,XXX,VIII.





Advertisement to the READER.

THE following Poem was wrote by a young Gentleman of about sixteen Years of Age, one of the King's Scholars at Westminster School. The Occasion of writing it was as follows. Upon his quitting that School, in Order to be entered a Student in the University of Oxford, he went to take Leave of a young Lady in London, with whom he was very much in Love. As he sat by her in a Riding Dress, his Spur entangled itself in her Pettycoat; and upon his rising up, tore the Coat, and brought the young Lady and him to the Ground. This Poem the Gentleman designed as a Recompence to the Lady, but by his dying soon after, it was left very imperfect and unfinished. It is now published by a Lady who was Sister to the Author. It would be of little Advantage or Entertainment to the Reader, to be informed how it came not to be published long ago; it may be sufficient to know, that it never would have been published, were it not that several Persons of great Worth, and Generosity, who had a Mind to confer a Favour on the Publisher, chose to do it by subscribing for this Poem.



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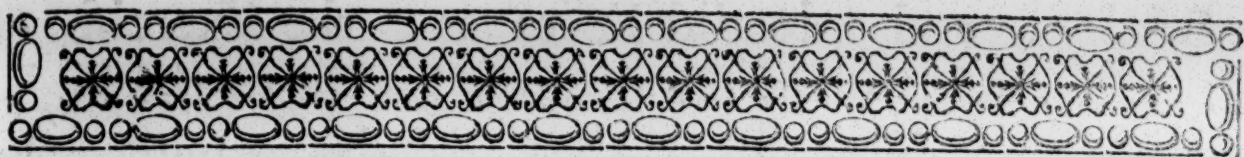
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DEDICATION.

To the Honourable Miss SUSANNAH
WANDESFORD, eldest Daughter to
the Right Honourable the Lord
Viscount CASTLECOMBER,

M A D A M,

A Poem, without a Dedication, will look as awkward and unfashionable as a Lady without a Hoop-Pettycoat ; and, as the following Lines were wrote upon that Part of Dress which is most in Favour with the fair Sex ; so, I hope, Miss *Wandesford* will excuse me, for publishing them under the Patronage of one, who by her genteel Person, and agreeable Address, adds a Grace to every Female Ornament. The Supporting Persons in Distress, is a most noble Power, eminently in the Hands of those in high Stations,

DEDICATION.

Stations, and splendid Fortunes ; the Exercise of this, is, what gives the greatest Lustre to the highest Birth : How great then, Madam, must your Pleasure be, when you observe the remarkable Cheerfulness with which this Power is used by those Honourable Personages from whom you have the Happiness to derive your Birth. The Name of the great Lord Deputy *Wandesford*, your famous Ancestor, will ever be esteemed in this Kingdom ; and although an Emulation of his publick Character can never have a Place in one of your Sex, yet I hope his Integrity and Love for this unhappy Country, are Virtues that will always find Room in the Mind of a Daughter of Lord *Castlecomber's*.

I am, with the greatest Esteem,

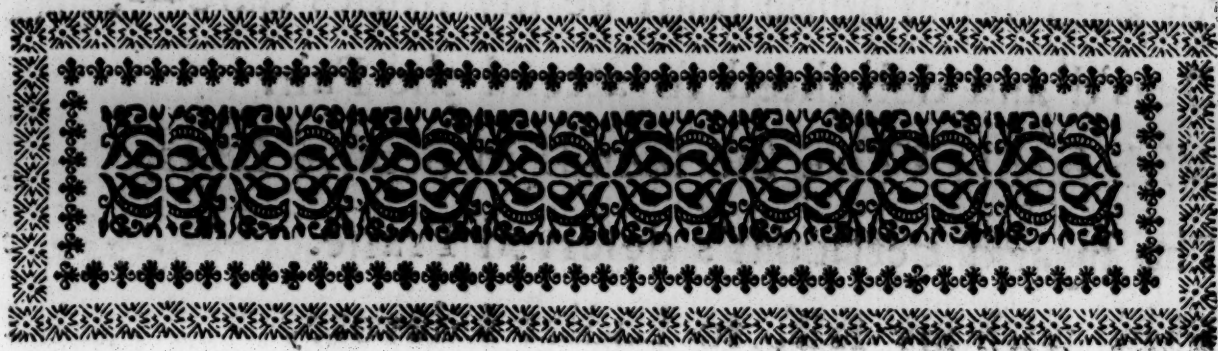
M A D A M,

Your most Obliged,

And most Obedient

Humble Servant,

M A R Y B R O G G I N.



THE
PETTYCOAT.

CANTO I.



N Strains—Majestic, and with Heavenly

Fire,

While *Mars* tunes to War, his Golden

Lyre,

With Warmth describes the Battle's loud Alarms,
And all the dreadful Pomp of glittering Arms ;

B

An

An humbler Theme shall be my Muses Care—,
Pleas'd and delighted to attend the Fair.
With feeble Voice she sounds in pensive Lays,
The injur'd Petticoat's deserved Praise.
This, with my self, to Ladies I devote,
And seek Protection from the Pettycoat.
'Gainst Criticks Spleen, be thou my sure Defence,
Criticks—those formidable Men to Sense.
They'll out of Manners sure submit to thee,
And pass one fav'rite Subject, Censure free.

Safe in thy Umbrage, I'll my Fate pursue,
Glorious to stand, and happy fall with you.
Forfaking all her once delightful Scenes,
Cool Grotto's, purling Streams, enamell'd Greens,
Emilia, led by Fancy, now must go,
To breath the City Air, a Week or so.
To *London*, Matters of Importance call,
The celebrated Ring, the Court, the *Mall*.

To

Canto I. The PETTYCOAT.

3

To learn the Dress in Mode, what Fashions new,
Recruit her China, pay some Visits due ;
To buy a Gown, perhaps, or cheapen Tea,
To hear an Anthem, or to see a Play.
There, with gay Objects, and new Conquests pleas'd,
'Midst Scenes of Pleasure, by her Fancy rais'd,
Emilia reigns ; nor ever calls to Mind
The many bleeding Hearts she left behind.

The rural Nymphs exult, their Empress gone,
And view with eager Eyes her empty Throne.
Obscure in Shades repine the mournful Swains,
And shun their jocund Sports, and joyous Strains:
Both Sexes thus their different Passions mov'd,
But none like *Strephon* griev'd, like *Strephon* lov'd.
Could ever Passion warm as *Strephon's* bear
The hateful Absence of the charming Fair ?
A thousand Hopes and Fears hurry him on,
'Tis Death to stay when fair *Emilia's* gone.

No *London* Prentice for some Wager laid,
No *Oxford* Scholar on a Hackney Jade,
Labour'd so fast with Whip, and Spurs, and Reins,
As *Strephon* flying o'er the Western Plains.
Where, while we leave the Lover on his Way,
The Male in all his Pride my Muse survey.

Mix'd with the Croud, with Pleasure view a while,
The various Objects of *Britannia's* Isle.
Here the fierce Factions of the High and Low,
In careless Files, and peaceful Order go.
Here all Degrees, from Garters blue, and green,
To—black your Shoes your Honour—may be seen.
Apes of the Times, and Fools of every Sort,
The Hectors of the Stage, and Spawn of Court.
Col'nels and Subalterns, a numerous Train,
Sweeping in shining Shoes along the Plain,
Quit Honour's Chace, and tedious Toils of *Mars*,
For soft Encounters here, and amorous Wars.

Of

Of *Marlborough* think no more, or humbling *France*,
While moving Ranks of Pettycoats advance.
Jilts, Prudes, Coquets, Belles, discontented Wives,
Old Maids, young Widows of more wanton Lives ;
With several others, of inferior Note,
Passive Professors of the Pettycoat :
Hither in fluttering Squadrons all repair,
To ogle, make Remarks, or take the Air ;
To meet their Lovers, hear the Chat of Town,
Destroy good Characters, or lose their own ;
Here Affectation a sure Throne maintains,
And Vanity in full Perfection reigns.

Amidst a thousand lovely Nymphs was none,
Whose glowing Beauty like *Emilia's* shone ;
Supremely eminent, serenely bright,
As *Phæbe's* Lustre in a stary Night.
With thrilling Raptures every Youth she warms,
Who runs in ravish'd Thoughts o'er all her Charms :

Devours with Looks intent, the beauteous Prize,
Out of his Reach, and for Possession dies.
So, just in Sight of blest *Arabia's* Coast,
By adverse Winds, the helpless Sailor's lost.

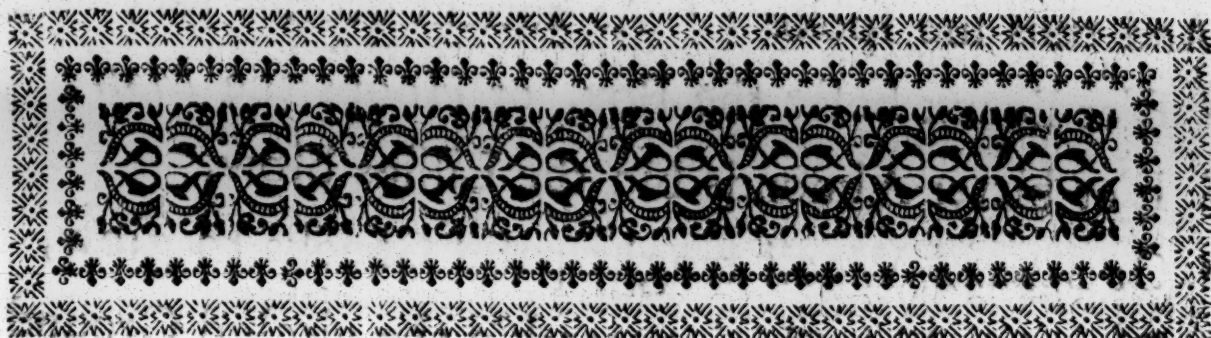
Mira, who saw Sir *Thrifty* passing by,
And often leering with a wishful Eye.
Whisper'd *Emilia*, there her Choice to fix,
To a vast Fortune, and a Coach-and-six :
The pleasing Coach-and-six for half an Hour,
Held o'er *Emelia's* Heart, the sov'reign Power :
But, the wise Nymph reflecting, soon grew cold ;
The Coach was tempting, but the Lover old.
Hard Fate ! that Love shou'd aged Hearts constrain,
Which cannot taste his Sweets, to feel his Pain.

Dorinda, *Silvia*, *Cloe*, vex'd to see
Such Conquest gain'd, (while Belles of high Degree ;
Belles

Belles with their Victories, elate and proud ;
Now undistinguish'd walk amidst the Crowd.)
Agree to meditate in close Cabal,
How to regain the Empire of the Mall.
For this Intent, they seek *Dorinda's* Room ;
There, if they can, to fix *Emelia's* Doom.
And by, or impious Acts, or envious Pray'rs ;
Retrieve their Honour, at the Loss of her's.

Emelia, still new Triumphs to obtain,
Resolves to take another Turn, and then——
Moves on with Grace, bids every Beauty rise ;
Exerts her Charms, and rolls her killing Eyes :
Mild Truth and Virtue, through her Features shine,
And sweetest Looks, bespeak a Soul Divine.
Her swelling Pettycoat now struts at large,
As proud of such a lovely, tempting Charge.
To grace this Robe, the Whale a Victim dy'd,
To raise its Fabrick, and extend its Pride ;

And big with Victory o'er the Ocean gain'd,
Came to demand Subjection from the Land.
Soft Sighs, and gentle Sounds around it fly,
And melting Whispers, 'mid the Flounces die:
Disportive Winds, in ruffling Mazes play,
And wanton Zephyrs frisk, perfumed Way.
So when a tall, well laden Vessel stems,
With full-blown Sails, the smiling Face of *Thames*;
Her Mast and Tackling, make a gallant Show,
But the rich Merchandize lies hid below.



THE
PETTYCOAT.

CANTO II.



ROUND the smoaking Tea, the Belles
were fet,
Emilia's Fall, the Subject of De-
bate.

The fair *Dorinda* first her Cup turn'd down,
Its Brim a thousand radiant Colours crown.

D

And

And thus she spoke : ‘ As antient Stories tell,
‘ E’er Beaux beset the Box, or Hoops the *Mall*;
‘ E’er bitter Almonds bid the Lillies blow,
‘ Or *Spanish* Wooll taught palid Cheeks to glow,
‘ E’er dazzling Chariots mark’d the circled Ground,
‘ E’er Tea was sipp’d, or true Religion found ;
‘ E’er Portions, Jointures, Billet-deaux, were known,
‘ But all Amours by Nature made alone.
‘ In Scenes of circling Joys enthron’d on High,
‘ The Gods and Goddeses possess’d the Sky.

‘ Who oft descended from their Spheres above,
‘ To rove, and Taste for Change, and earthly Love.
‘ Some haunted fragrant Gardens, lofty Woods,
‘ Steep Mountains, silent Vales, and Chrystal Floods.
‘ Some had their Province o’er the deep to reign,
‘ Lash rocky Shores, and rouze the angry Main.
‘ Some in the hollow Depths of Earth below,
‘ Instructed Storms to roar, and Winds to blow.

Even

- ‘ Even Hell was deem’d the Empire of a God,
‘ There *Pluto* rul’d a dreary dark Abode.
‘ Oft to their fav’rite Gods have Virgins pray’d,
‘ And oft Success hath crown’d the pious Maid.
‘ How black our Purpose is, you all can tell,
‘ Let us invoke the gloomy King of Hell.
‘ To wayward Wishes, he Success will send,
‘ *Pluto*, and Envy are each other’s Friend.
‘ And since from every Coast new Faiths are hurl’d,
‘ And differing Sects distract the wretched World.
‘ Pray, what remains? (for devious Paths I love.)
‘ But to those antient Pow’rs our Suit we move?
‘ *Cupid*’s Divinity we still confess,
‘ And *Cupid* formerly was one of these.
‘ What Reason that the rest neglected fall,
‘ Must *Cupid* only tyrannize o’er all?
‘ Come Ladies, let us change the common Course
‘ Of mean Revenge, and with united Force,

- ‘ To one of these for kind Assistance pray,
‘ To *Pluto* let us our Devotions pay.
‘ How shall I smile to see the Monarch bring
‘ To lowest Scorn, that peerless haughty Thing? ?
She said, when *Silvia*, with a careless Look,
First took a Pinch of Snuff, and thus she spoke.
‘ My dear *Dorinda*’s artful Speech I own,
‘ Demands Compliance in all Points but one.
‘ Excuse then if by Flatt’ry unconfin’d,
‘ I spake the real Dictates of my Mind.
‘ The gloomy Monarch, like the Gods above,
‘ Has fallen a Victim to the Power of Love.
‘ Vanquish’d by *Proserpine*’s superiour Charms,
‘ He bore the fair *Sicilian* in his Arms.
‘ *Emilia*’s Eyes such powerful Beams display,
‘ As will his hardest Fury melt away.
‘ Sooth all his Rage, bring every Passion down,
‘ And heat his Breast with Fires unlike his own.
‘ Which

‘ Which of us all could bear the dreadful Change,
‘ To gain her Honour, while we seek Revenge?
‘ Nor are the dark Retreats of gloomy Shades,
‘ Such odious Scenes to soft, consenting Maids.

The more experienc’d *Cloe*, rising here,
Spoke with a ferious, but affected Air :

‘ Partly in both your Sentiments I join,
‘ And hope ye will not disapprove of mine.
‘ A fitter Choice for our Intent I’ll tell.
‘ Without descending to the Shades of Hell,
‘ A grisly God, cross, impotent and old,
‘ With jealous Head, and Heart to Love grown cold;
‘ Who long with Pain a rambling Wife has bore,
‘ And for his Beauty hates our Sex the more ;
‘ Shall be our Choice : This Choice my Dreams suggest,
‘ Last Night when Sleep had lull’d my Soul to rest ;
‘ I thought with you in *Vulcan’s* Fane I walk’d,
‘ And of some odd fantastic Subject talk’d.

E

‘ Midst

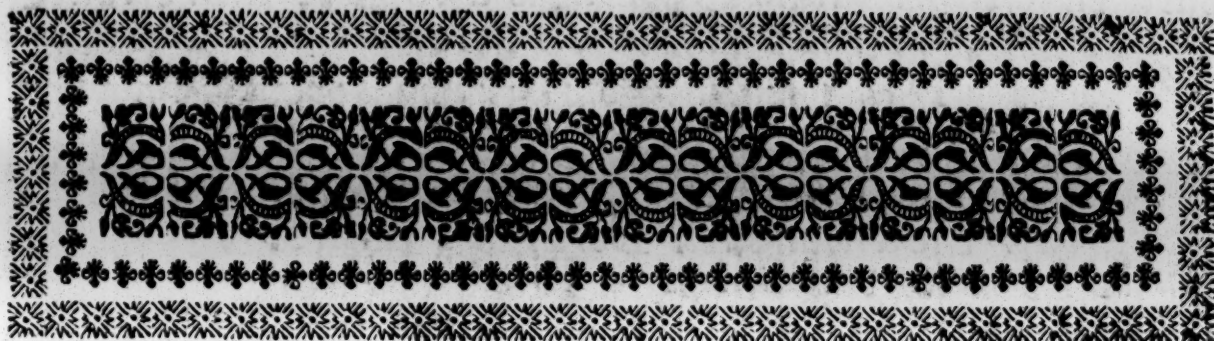
‘ Midst of the gloomy Dome advanc’d on high,
‘ (For Cuckold Heads are always in the Sky)
‘ On Pedestal of Steel triumphant stood,
‘ The tawny Figure of the limping God :
‘ Behind him waited Guards of swarthy Hue.
‘ And Fellows of the Forge, a brawny Crew.
‘ Darts, Thunder-bolts, and Helmets all around,
‘ And Swords, and broken Lances, strow’d the Ground;
‘ Busks, Bodkins, Buckles, Needles, Thimbles,
‘ Twees ;
‘ The dear Delights of Belles, and smart Toupees ;
‘ Grac’d in their proper Places every Part,
‘ Proofs of his Skill, and Emblems of his Art.
‘ Something we seem’d to begg, at which the God,
‘ Smil’d from above, and answer’d with a Nod.
‘ Just then I ’wak’d, and wonder’d at my Dream ;
‘ Which sure by heavenly Inspiration came ;
‘ To tell that *Vulcan* wou’d his Help afford ;
‘ And *Vulcan* is the God to be implor’d.

Ay *Vulcan, Vulcan*, is the God, they cry,
Vulcan in treble Sounds ascends the Sky,
Till prudent *Cloe* raising twice her Fan,
Commanded Silence all, and thus began.
‘ Since then upon the God we are agreed,
‘ Its fit to sacred Rites we now proceed :
‘ The Powers above to Mortals ne’er attend,
‘ Till fragrant Steams from Sacrifice ascend :
‘ As sage Practitioners in crafty Laws,
‘ First grasp the Fee, then listen to the Cause:
‘ I therefore, for propitious *Vulcan’s* Sake.
‘ My fav’rite Sparrow will an Offering make:
‘ My fav’rite Sparrow ! yes, I’ve said the Word ;
‘ As dear, as beautiful, as * *Lesbia’s* Bird.
My Dove, quoth *Sylvia*, who this Week has sat,
Cooing and mourning his departing Mate;

* *Vide Catullum.*

To *Vulcan's* Honour shall a Victim fall ;
Not an ungrateful Gift, I hope, tho' small.
Here, says *Dorinda*, your Oblations bear,
While I for sacred Rites, a Fire prepare.

Thus *Latian* Priests were wont on solemn Days,
With numerous Hæcatombs the Gods to praise.
When some important Faction in the State,
Threaten'd with Civil War, a general Fate.



T H E

PETTYCOAT.

C A N T O III.



I G H on a Stand the radiant Lamp was
 rais'd,
 Fed by soft Sonnets that refulgent
 blaz'd.

First fell the Dove, by cruel *Silvia's* Hand,
 And stain'd with crimson Blood the Silver Stand.

F

Hard

Hard that those Hands which us'd to give him Meat,
Should now prove treach'rous Ministers of Fate.

Next after much unprofitable Strife,

A Sparrow bled beneath *Dorinda's* Knife.

~~Cheer~~ the headless Carcasses affails,

And from their throbbing Heart Success foretels :

Then on a Bier of Billet-deaux display'd,

The raking Entrails 'midst the Fire she lay'd.

With dull Lampoons, and Poems cover'd o'er,

And Songs, and tatter'd Plays, a plenteous Store.

Lastly, around the fuming Orb she goes,

With Vervine Leaves, sweet Musk, and Civet strews

Adds Essence, Jessamine, and Orange Flowers,

And Camphire Spirits on the Fuel pours,

Camphire thou happy Gum of Capers Tree,

How many Virgins owe that Name to thee.

The rising Flames ascend, the Nymphs rejoice,

And to th' auspicious God exalt their Voice.

' Great *Vulcan*, *Lemnos* pride, and Son of *Jove*,

' Famous no less for Arms, than injur'd Love,

' So

‘ So may you ne’er lament thy Goddefs fled,
‘ To reap the Sweets of young *Adonis* * Bed,
‘ Nor ever know the Plagues of fuch a Wife,
‘ And the fad Burthen of a jealous Life,
‘ Hear and redrefs the Wrongs we Women bear,
‘ By rival Beauties of an haughty Fair.
‘ A Nymph the very Emblem of thy Love,
‘ To mortal Man, what *Venus* is above,
‘ She o’er the Box, the *Mall*, and’ Ring, is Queen,
‘ Nor bears a Partner in her boundlefs Reign ;
‘ To her alone the Lovers Vows are made,
‘ To her alone their Adoration paid ;
‘ Stung by the Poifon of her rowling Eyes,
‘ Where’er ſhe looks, the Sex promifcuous dies.
‘ Her lawlefs ſpreading Pow’r extends o’er all,
‘ Shew thine ſuperior, *Vulcan*, in her Fall.
‘ By dear Experience make *Emilia* know,
‘ High as ſhe is, thy Strength can bring her low.

* *Vide* OVID MET.

‘ So may thy loaded Altars ever blaze,
‘ And mortal Tongues sing none but *Vulcan*’s Praise.

They said ; the smutty God with Pleasure hears
From *Etna*’s glowing Womb, and grants their Pray’rs.
All on *Emilia*’s Fall he bends his Mind,
But differing far from what the Belles design’d.
The God of Love sat all the while unseen,
And heard their Prayers behind an *Indian* Screen.
And is it doom’d, inrag’d he cry’d, that I
While *Vulcan*’s worshipp’d, unregarded lie ?
And shall *Emilia* fall, my favourite Care,
Admir’d by Gods, but envy’d by the Fair ?
And shall the envious Authors of her Fate,
Safe, and with Pride the horrid Tale relate ?
Forbid it Justice, and the Care be mine,
To punish jealous Belles, your base Design ;
He said, and on the Tea-Pot took his Stand,
With Shafts prepar’d, and Bow advanc’d in Hand,
From whence reclin’d with an unerring Dart,
Transfix’d the first approaching *Silvia*’s Heart.

The

The Nymph expires for a brisk Templer's Sake,
And equal Fate the following Nymphs partake.

Dorinda for the absent Captain mourns,

And for the jolly Parson, *Cloe* burns.

This done, the winged God through liquid Air,
Directs his Flight, to his delightful Care :

Nor stop'd, till on *Emelia's* snowy Breast,
He clos'd his little Wings, and sunk to rest ;

Prefering that smooth downy Nest above,

Ev'n *Venus' Bosom*, or the Throne of *Jove*.

* *Fop* in her Lap enjoy'd secure Repose,

And round her Feet lay scatter'd Billet-deaux :

While some more happy still, employ her Hands ;

Close by her Side judicious *Jenny* stands.

Jenny—than whom no Virgin in the Town,

Could better plait an Head, or pin a Gown.

For who like *Jenny* cou'd improve an Air ;

Or deck with artful Curls the lovely Hair ?

* *The Lap Dog.*

G

Like

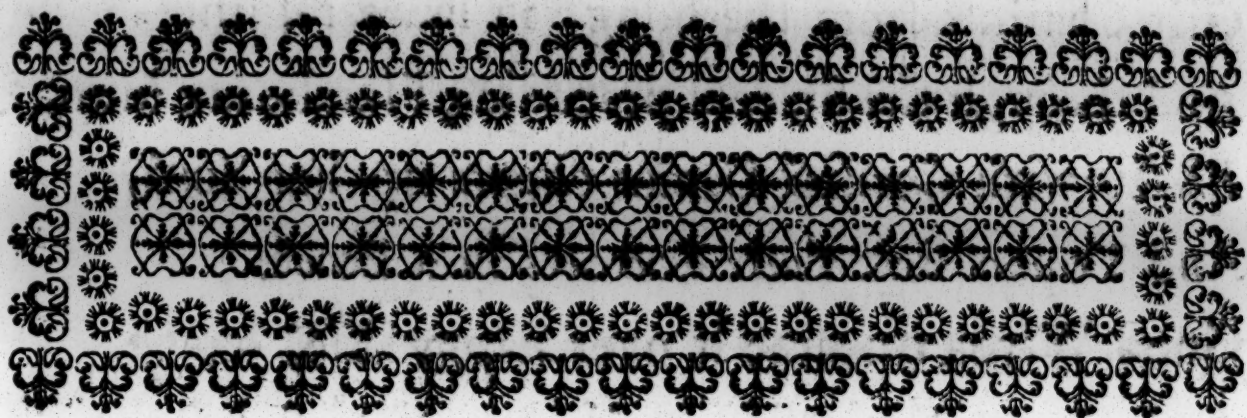
Like *Jenny* none a winning Patch cou'd place ;
Or mend a Feature in a failing Face.

Had'st thou fair Empress of the Dressing Strain,
Liv'd in young *Jupiter's* entriguing Reign ;
Thou wou'd'st afford a more convenient Shape,
Than that of Bull, or * Swan ; and ev'ry Rape
Had been perform'd, and every Gambol play'd,
In the deceitful Form of Chamber-maid.

What King oh *Jenny*, but wou'd scorn a Crown ?
What sprightly God, but wou'd from Heav'n leap
down ?

To have his Hands employ'd as thine have been ;
Or that his Eyes might see, what thine have seen :
Tho' *Cupid* in his happyest Heav'n was blest,
Yet boding Cares his lab'ring Mind possest :
Dark *Somnus* hov'ring round him, vainly tries
To spread his filken Pinnions o'er his Eyes ;
Emelia's Dangers all his Thoughts employ,
And Sleep flies vanquish'd from the watchful Boy.

* *Vide Ovid's Metamorphoses.*



T H E
P E T T I C O A T.

C A N T O IV.



HE nimble Drawer's Labours now begin,
By Taverns filling, as the *Mall* grows
thin.

The frugal Citizen, now quits his Spouse,
To treat of Politicks in Coffee-House;
Decrees the Fall of States with solemn Face,
Yet knows not who, at whom supplies his Place.

Gilt Chariots from the Ring, in haste return,
And through the Streets preceding Flambeaux burn.
Phillis with Cordial Drams cheers up her Soul,
And Topers sink their Sorrows in a Bowl,
Good Wives carouze it over nappy Ale,
And *Drury's* Ware stands all expos'd to Sale.
Sol hugg'd his *Thetys*, and the Sky was dark,
When *Strephon* came to Corner of *Hyde-Park*.
Not in such Garb the *London* Gallant moves,
To pay Devotion to the Fair he loves :
A whole Day's Labour must be first bestow'd,
E're he's made ready to appear abroad.
By Words, the vulgar Way, he scorns Success,
His Courtship all depends upon his Dress :
His only Pride is wandering Eyes to gain,
And who looks most, most certainly is slain.
What Female can resist so rare a Show,
The flutt'ring glaring senseless Thing, a Beau?

Strephon tho' void of the exterior Art,
Carry'd perhaps a more deserving Heart:

Jenny

Jenny descending from the upper Floor,
Met *Strephon* at the Entrance of the Door;
When after some short necessary Chat,
Such as, you're welcome, Sir, to Town—or that,
Some Gold he dropp'd, but what *Apollo* knows,
The Nymph seem'd pleas'd, and up the Lover goes;
So *Danaë's* Guards, who watchfully withstood,
The Frauds as well as Force of Flesh and Blood;
Submitted to a more prevailing Power,
When *Jove* descended in a golden Show'r.
How many lovely Things accursed Gold,
Which Merit cannot gain, for thee are sold?
Ev'n mighty Pettycoats, so own'd by all,
To thy Omnipotence supinely fall:
Parent of Love, to thy all conqu'ring Arms,
Maids, Wives, and Widows, yield their vanquish'd
Charms:

Thou mak'st the Breach alike for Old and Young,
The Small, the Great, the Feeble, and the Strong.

H

All

All who to thee, can make a just Pretence,
Lay equal Claim to Virtue, Love and Sense.

How *Strephon*'s Arms around his Mistress wreath'd ;
What Tears he shed ; what ardent Vows he breath'd ;
How oft he press'd her Hand, what Kisses snatch'd ;
How many Sighs from inward Thoughts he fetch'd ;
How oft he rather wish'd to be employ'd,
In that dear Place, which cumbent * *Fop* enjoy'd ;
Or how Time slid 'twixt Nine and Twelve away,
My fearful Muse dares not attempt to say.
The dismal Watchmen now in solemn Round
And hollow Voice, past twelve o' Clock resound,
The tinkling Chimes, from distant Steeples play,
A tuneful Welcome to the New-born Day.
'Tis Time to part all Circumstances tell,
And *Strephon* 'gainst his Will must bid Farewell.

* *The Lap Dog.*

Not

Not with more Pain the Miser quits his Ore,
Which Fate has destin'd him to see no more:
Nor the gay Youth a soft luxurious Life;
Nor brisk Sir *Weldon*, Master *Lackit's* Wife:
Nor she with such Reluctance leaves her Bliss,
As *Strephon* rose to take his parting Kifs.
He rose, but soon alas! to fall more low,
Stern *Vulcan*, and the Fates would have it so.
With greedy Joy her balmy Lips he press'd;
And glowing Kisses all his Soul express'd.
With Words unfinish'd, on the Nymph he hung,
And anxious Thoughts seal'd up his trembling Tongue.
Then moving backwards with a half-made Bow,
In pensive Silence he resolv'd to go:
But in the Juncture his unlucky Spur,
(Sad Story) unperceiv'd by him or her,
Thro' *Vulcan's* cruel Power, its Head had wrought,
Into the Flounces of her Pettycoat;
And there detain'd in filken Fetters bound,
Brought the receding Lover to the Ground.

Nor

Nor did stern *Vulcan* end his Insults here;
Now he converts his Arms against the Fair.
By him, oh cruel Fate! the lovely Maid,
Prostrate upon the blushing Youth was laid.

Thus the tall Pine, which long unshaken stood,
The Pride and rising Glory of the Wood ;
Mocking the Tempest's Rage, and boist'rous Winds,
Falls by the fatal Ax of lab'ring Hinds.
The little God || dissolv'd before in Tears,
Finding the joyful End of all his Fears :
Took to the Wing, and hov'ring o'er their Heads,
With secret Joy his painted Pinions spreads,
And thus he spoke. If Fame may pass for Truth,
Tho' fall'n thus low, yet sigh not helpless Youth,
Nor blush that thus the lovely Nymph you bore ;
'Tis what ev'n mighty *Jove* has done before,
To fair *Europa*, when the * Thund'rer came,
And bore thro' boistrous Seas the trembling Dame.

|| *Cupid.* * *Vide Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

No Labour thinking for the Prize too much,
Such was his Passion, and his Burthen such.
Fulfil the great Example, hope the rest,
And may you be, as *Jove* was, after blest.
Much more he said, but lost in rising Noise,
Fop claiming Audience with a louder Voice.
The Chamber rang with frightened *Fop*'s alarms,
And low the servile Band ascend in Arms.
All if Occasion urg'd, prepar'd to aid,
Yet all alike to offer Help afraid.
So, when vex'd *Jove* and angry *Juno* lie,
O'erthrown by mutual Quarrel on the Sky,
The amazed Gods stand rang'd on either Side,
But none the mighty Combatants divide.
Thus lay the Pair, amidst the circling Band,
Till *Jenny* ent'ring with decisive Hand,
As *Alexander* cut the Gordian Knot,
With powerful Clip absolv'd the Pettycoat:

Rais'd from the Ground by helpful *Jenny's* Hands,
With graceful Air the flushing Damsel stands ;
While *Strephon* at her Feet still prostrate lyes,
Till kind *Emilia* smil'd, and bid him rise.

Ten thousand Fears his anxious Soul possess'd,
When thus the Youth his lovely Nymph address'd.

‘ From those dear Lips I wait my doubtful Doom,
‘ From thee, fair Nymph, my Life or Death must
 come.

‘ Sincere Repenters mild Forgiveness claim,
‘ And Breasts so soft, should harbour Thoughts the
 same,

‘ But if thy Heart's as killing as thy Eye,
‘ And it's resolv'd that I must hopeless dye ;
‘ From that fair Hand let me the Death-stroke feel,
‘ And Steel revenge the Injuries of Steel.

‘ My Life, my Soul, whate'er I could call mine,
‘ My charming Maid, thou know'st have long been
 thine.

: Use

‘ Use as you will, the Means I here afford,
‘ He said, and to her Hands commits his Sword.’
Silent the Nymph beheld her Lover’s Pain,
And with a Smile return’d the Sword again.

So, when *Britannia’s* Foreign Feuds decrease,
And diff’ring Arms by joint Agreement cease.
The Herald with drawn Sword proclaims aloud,
The joyful News to the delighted Crowd;
And ending with Applause, returns in Peace
The harmless Weapon to its former Case.

The Youth reluctant took unwilling Leave,
Bow’d, kiss’d, and squeez’d her Hand, and sigh’d
your Slave.

What Bard can sing the faithful *Jenny’s* Praise,
Who kept the Tale a Secret, three whole Days?
At length she whispers it in *Flavia’s* Ear,
And *Flavia* tells the Tale to every Fair.

* Fame takes it now, and mounting to the Skies
Spread her broad Wings, and speaks it as it flies.
The Belles with Joy the pleasing News receive,
Hint something worse, and ev'ry Hint believe.
Augment each Circumstance with fancy'd Harms,
For Female Spleen is boundless as their Charms.
Now far remov'd from fair *Emilia's* sight,
Restless he pass'd the melancholy Night.
Schemes quick as Motion o'er his Fancy rove.
At length he thus address'd the Queen of Love.
' Goddess of melting Hearts, and gay Desires,
' Parent of vig'rous Youth, and gentle Fires,
' Queen of bright Charms, soft Vows, and flowing
Tears,
' Close Female Arts, fond Hopes, and languid Airs.
' Fair heaving Breasts, and deadly rowling Eyes,
' Who know how Passions fall, how Wishes rise.

* *Vide* VIRG. *ÆNEID*.

Inspire

‘ Inspire thy Suppliant e’er the Morning Sun
‘ Begin his far extended Course to run,
‘ What Method most prevailing I shall take,
‘ What recompence most grateful I can make,
‘ To please a Belle offended, and obtain
‘ Pardon, Success in Love, and Life again.
‘ For only she my future Bliss can give,
‘ And in her Frowns it’s double Death to live.’

With pleas’d Attention, and a pitying Ear,
The Goddess heard the Lover’s wish’d for Pray’r.
Instant she yok’d her Sparrows and her Doves,
The fluttering Emissaries of her Loves ;
Wrapt in a silent Cloud from Heaven she came,
And something whisper’d in a Golden Dream ;
But what it was, or when apply’d, or how
The Secret is too great for us to know.
Strephon delighted with the pleasing Wile,
Awoke, and thank’d the Goddess with a Smile.

K

But

But sad *Emilia* at her Fate repin'd,
A thousand anxious Thoughts distract her Mind.
Still on her Pettycoat, her Eyes were plac'd,
Its Beauty wounded, and its Form defac'd.
' And was't for this, she cry'd, the Silk was bought,
' For this so many Virgins Fingers wrought,
' For this the vent'rous Merchant cross'd the Main,
' For this so many Needles broke in twain ?
' How could'st thou merit so unkind a Lot,
' My poor, dejected, harmless Pettycoat.

Here sympathizing *Jenny* melts in Tears,
Such for their Sires are shed by youthful Heirs,
Or such as Wives for hated Husbands shed,
When for a Grave, they change the Nuptial Bed.
And thus into a piteous Clamour broke,
Sobs interrupting every Word she spoke.
' Was ever Man so unpolite to come,
' With Boots, and Spurs, into a Lady's Room ?
' Or

‘ Or if he did, he might have Sense of Course,
‘ Not to mistake his Mistress, for his Horse.’
She spoke, and *Cupid* now her Soul possess’d,
Full of the God, she thus the Nymph address’d.
‘ Cease to repine, thou most delightful Fair,
‘ Who in this Tumult bore the greatest Share.
‘ Think it not hard, thy Pettycoat should come
‘ To Ground, when Gods and Men conspire its Doom.
‘ Nor think the Omen of your Fall an Ill,
‘ What Mortal can resist the Power of Steel ?
‘ Since *Venus* self has been compell’d to bear
‘ The impious Wound of fierce *Tydides* Spear.
‘ Nor blame thy guiltless *Strephon* as unkind,
‘ How could he fall and leave his Heav’n behind ?
‘ But thou the Care of Heaven, of Earth the Pride,
‘ Cast every Grief and anxious Thought aside.
‘ Never shall Sorrow more thy Mind molest,
‘ Or Gods, or Mortals, discompose thy Rest.

‘ *Cupid* whose Arms have been the Bow and Dart,
 ‘ T’ inflame the Breast, and flutter round the Heart,
 ‘ Bask in the Eyes, or in the Eye-brows play,
 ‘ Range o’er the Lip, or thro’ the Tresses stray.
 ‘ Henceforth bright Virgin for the Sake of thee,
 ‘ This Pettycoat shall *Cupid*’s Temple be ;
 ‘ And *Strephon* for his Crime is doom’d by Fate,
 ‘ Thy Tale in artless Numbers to relate.
 ‘ Pleas’d to repeat the fair *Emilia*’s Name,
 ‘ Thy circling Pettycoat shall crown his Fame.

F I N I S.



